THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
Musical Repository.

JUNE, 1801.

BROMLEY MELMOT.

(Concluded from page 276.)

MELMOT now expressed to Captain Harley his sincere intention of addressing Marianne; and in a very short time he was publicly announced as her destined husband.—Susanna, also, overpowered by the solicitations of her friends, promised, that, unless the contents of her mother's pacquet should render it improper, her hand should be bestowed on Percival the day that united his sister to Melmot.

Captain Harley, from his perfect knowledge of his father's character, entertained little fear of a refusal from that quarter, and gave way to an excess of joy, as extravagant as the melancholy of Melmot was deep and silent. Percival, with a feeling but gay heart, determined to draw the dregs of remorse into the overflowings of his own transports, and hurried him incessantly from one amusement to another. A grand masquerade was to be given at the Pantheon:—thither, he swore Melmot must accompany him; and as Miss Newcombe had never been present at an entertainment of the kind, Percival entreated she would put herself under the protection of himself and sisters, who intended to appear in character. Susanna agreed only on condition that she might be permitted to wear a domi-

no, which she was allowed, and she prepared herself accordingly.

On the evening appointed, Percival was under an engagement with some brother officers at the Gloucester Coffee-house, from which he could not return till late. In passing through an obscure street, near Piccadilly, he thought he heard a female scream, and, looking round, imagined it had proceeded from an elegant apartment, which, from its appearance and situation, seemed appropriated to the use of females of a particular stamp. The room was lighted, and in a moment a female appeared at the window; and, throwing up the sash, without the least hesitation leaped out.

Percival, most providentially, caught her in his arms, and bore her with rapidity round the corner of the street. Her senses soon returned, and, in a voice of the greatest agitation she entreated he would, if possible, carry her to some place of security. Captain Harley surveyed her attentively by the light of the lamp: she was young and beautiful, but her dress, and the paint which was daubed on her face, tended strongly to give him an opinion not much to her advantage. She wore a white silk domino, with a dress hat, the button of which was formed of stones placed in the shape of a heart.

Upon her renewing her petition for protection, Percival, who was not just then in a humour to trifle, replied, hastily—"Your appearance, Madam, is so singular, that I am puzzled to know what kind of assistance you require from me, or whither it is your wish to be conveyed. Can I conduct you to any of your friends?"

She burst into tears, and sunk upon his arm. Fearing she would faint in the street, the Captain called a coach, and, assisting her into it, ordered the coachman to drive slowly down the street.

"Alas! Sir," said she, recovering herself, "I have no home, no friends. All I ask, is a place of safety for this night; in the morning I hope I shall be able to give such an account of myself as will not be deemed unsatisfactory. As a man of honour, I implore your compassion," added she, sinking on her knees, "you will not find me unworthy."

Percival could no longer withstand her pleading, for her voice, spoke such deep distress, that his heart melted with pity, and he ordered the coach to Westminster. He there consigned his charge to the hands of Susannah and Mrs. Bentley, in a few words, relating the adventure he had met with; they gave every assistance in their power to the lady, who seemed very ill and intreated to retire immediately.

Susanna then acquainted Percival that Melmot, astonished at his stay, was gone to Burlington Street to seek him; and requested he would follow him alone, as she feared the stranger might need some of her assistance. This neither Harley nor Mrs. Bentley would consent to, but insisted upon her joining the party. She then snatched up her hat, and Percival led her to the coach. They found the party waiting for them with impatience; and, after acquainting them with the cause of the delay, they all repaired to the Pantheon.

The crowd was immense, and in a short time the heat was so excessive, that Susanna found herself very faint. Melmot, who was near her, begged her to retire, which she consented to; and, not willing to interrupt the pleasure of their party, quitted the great room without making any mention of it.—Her illness increasing, she apologized to Melmot for the trouble she was under the necessity of giving him, but intreated him to escort her home. The carriage having been dismissed, a hackney coach was called, into which Melmot was just handing her, when a party of sailors appeared, armed with bludgeons, one of whom instantly aimed a blow at him, which effectually laid him senseless on the earth.

Having received no other injury than a temporary suspension of his faculties, Melmot soon recovered, and looked round, with the most apprehensive terror, for Susanna, who was no where to be seen. Confident that she would not voluntarily have deserted him in such a situati on, he began to be filled with he most agonizing terrors for her fate, and sought his friends, to make enquiries after her.

Percival yielding to the natural impetuosity of his temper, could scarcely be restrained from publishing aloud the

injury that had been sustained; and the remainder of the night was spent in fruitless researches of the fugitive. As the company gradually dispersed, all hopes of success were obliged to be relinquished, and the party separated, much afflicted.

It was eight o'clock when Melmot reached his lodging.—He enquired if Mrs. Bentley was up. The servant informed him that she was at breakfast with the strange lady. Hearing him and having seen him alight without Susanna, she eagerly rushed out, to enquire for her niece. Melmot, to quiet her fears, made as light of the business as possible; and when he had, in some measure, composed the agitation of her spirits, followed her into the parlour. An elegant young woman was leaning, deeply absorbed in meditation, against the frame of the chimney piece. She turned her head at their entrance, and instantly, with a deep scream, sunk back in her chair. Melmot flew to support her, and, in that moment, all recollections were forgot, but that she was his dear—his lovely——Maria!!

Revived by his tender endearments, she hastened to explain the mystery of her flight, and began by acquainting him with the note she received, and her proceedings in consequence. "The stranger," she continued, "seated himself by me in the carriage, and for some time continued a respectful silence. After we had proceeded a few miles, I seemed impatient of the distance—I seemed to be removed from home—and demanded of my companion the reason. He informed me, with great gravity, that it was your desire I should be transported to London; that, as Mr. Bromley, seemed now so much prejudiced against you, it was probable he would never consent to our union; therefore you concerted this plan to secure me to yourself. Implicitly confiding in your honour, although my heart condemned the proceeding, I made no material objection, particularly when he informed me, that I was, for the present, to be placed under the protection of some of your female friends, who were women of character. We travelled with the utmost speed, and took whatever refreshment we received in the carriage, while the horses were changing. We reached London at the close of the next day, and were set down at an elegant house, where I understood you was to

meet me. I took a glass of wine and a biscuit, and waited your coming with impatience. My heart sunk, as the servants who attended seemed to gaze at me with a curious, impertinent air; and I begged to see the lady to whose care I was to be consigned.

"About eleven o'clock, a loud knock at the door announced what I thought to be your arrival, and I hastily rose to meet you. A tall, graceful man entered, and for the first moment I did not perceive my error. He advanced with a smiling air, and (as I now recollect) some embarrassment; telling me, that some particular business prevented your attendance; but begged I would accept of him as an escort to Mrs. Norton, who was already prepared to receive me.—Eager to be with some female, I consented to the proposal, not without some indignity at your neglect; and we repaired, in his Lordship's carriage, to her house. I found her a good looking woman, about forty years of age, with a smiling countenance, and person rather too much adorned for her apparent age. She received me kindly, and introduced me to a smart-looking girl, whom she called her daughter. Being much fatigued, I begged to retire; and, having an apartment entirely appropriated to myself, began to reflect at leisure on the transactions of the day. They were not of the most pleasant nature. But spare me," added she, blushing, "if I say, confidence in your affection softened all other apprehensions.

"At breakfast my new friends seemed to express great wonder at your not arriving; and upon my desiring the use of pen, ink, and paper, begged, if I intended writing to my guardian, that I would only say I was safe with you, and make no mention of your neglect, which they ascribed entirely to business of the most important nature. I still thought you might have written; but my heart was ready to make excuses as they were. I wrote my letter, which I gave to Mrs. Norton to put into the post-office, and which I now believe was never sent to my dear friend Mr. Bromley.

"About noon the gentleman, who called himself your friend, came again. As such I regarded him with tenderness; but, I confess his excessive assiduities gave me much

uneasiness. He gave us tickets for the play, and insisted, in your name, on my accompanying Mrs. and Miss Norton; adding that, in all probability, he should bring you with him to the house. Ah! Melmot—then I did indeed, see you—but your contemptuous look, for which I could not then account filled me with anguish, and I was conveyed home, in strong hystericks. To complete my misery, I then learnt the extent of my mistake, and that I was wholly in the power of Lord Brauncestown. 'You see,' added the infamous woman who was my informer, 'Melmot believes you are as much devoted to him as we are. Either, then, consent to become Lady Brauncestown (an honour he is even now willing to confer upon you) or expect to be forced into a compliance of a less honourable nature,'

"I shuddered with horror; but, for the first time in my life, found hypocrisy necessary. I promised submission to her will if she would but permit me a little time to recollect myself, which was granted; and, to prove my acquiescence, I was obliged to suffer myself to be dragged about from one public place to another for the whole time I was in that hated house, every hour expecting insults of brutality from my abandoned keeper.

Lord Brauncestown visited me now every day, and, as I carefully concealed my abhorrence of him, believed that he had dazzled my imagination with the splendid scenes he presented to my view; but, though I apparently consented, my heart was determinedly repugnant, and I protracted the time he urged for the completion of our marraige, day after day, in the hope of effecting my escape.

"On the evening appointed for the masquerade, it was determined I should go: his Lordship was to accompany us thither. About eleven o'clock he entered the apartment where we were, in the most dreadful state of intoxication, and advancing towards me with open arms, attempted to embrace me, protesting I should not delay his happiness a moment longer. I shrieked with terror, and ran out of the room: his Lordship attempted to follow me, but was withheld by the women, who heedless of me attempted to pacify him. I rushed into the drawing-room, the door of which stood open, and at that moment, by the most providen-

tial accident, found the window unfastened. Careless of the consequences, I threw up the sash, and, leaping from the window was caught by the gentleman who brought me hither, and to whom I am indebted for more than life."

Melmot embraced her tenderly; but his heart was torn with agony while he reflected that he had now resigned all claim to her.

"You do not seem satisfied with my explanation, Melmot," said she, timidly: "are you still doubtful of my integrity?"

"Dearest girl, no!" exclaimed Melmot, in a passion of grief:—"but, Maria—I must resign all hopes of happiness!—In despair at your supposed baseness, I have engaged myself, irrevokably engaged myself, to one not less lovely, not less amiable than yourself; and whose worth demands a better fate than to be united with such a wretch as I am!" He struck his head in agony, and paced the room with irregular steps, crying incessantly—"This Brauncestown—accursed villain!—'Tis he that has caused all my misery!—I will hunt him to the extremity of the earth. He shall fall, or I will get rid of an existence hateful to myself, and dangerous to all involved in my destiny."

Maria sat weeping in silent agony, casting on Melmot looks of the most supplicating remonstrance. "Bitterly," said she, "am I punished for my imprudence! I will return to Mr. Bromley, and implore him to receive the unworthy penitent Maria."

Melmot flew to her, and taking her cold tear-bathed hand, pressed it to his lips with fervour————"Maria—you must be mine—I cannot, indeed I cannot part from you. I will explain all to Mr. Bromley—implore his forgiveness, and throw myself entirely upon the generosity of Miss Harley."

Maria, at length, agreed to wait Mr. Bromley's answer before she attempted to return home; and Melmot left her, in order to consult Percival upon the business; having first given a solemn promise that he would not then seek to revenge himself upon Lord Brauncestown. They then parted; Melmot to seek his friend, Maria to write, and Mrs. Newcombe to weep the loss of her neice.

Melmot had frequently, during the excesses into which he was inadvertently hurried, borrowed trifling sums of Percival, which he was unable, till the receipt of his salary, to repay; and the sense of the obligation he was under to friendship affected him more deeply, now that he was obliged to appear wholly unworthy of favour in his eyes.—— Enquiring at the door for Mr. Harley, as usual, the servant said he was within: he was consequently obliged to attend him in his study before he could enquire for the Captain. In passing the hall, he was met by Marianne, who came from the parlour on tiptoe, and, taking his hand in a friendly manner, said—"My father is in a terrible ill humour—— escape from him as soon you can, and come and comfort poor Percival—he is very ill above."

The distraction of his mind, which her presence at that moment increased, would not permit him to reply; but, wringing his hands, he muttered something indistinctly, and entered the study.

"So, Sir," said Mr. Harley——"Here are fine doings! —Miss Newcombe is carried off, it seems, by some of those profligate fellows you and my son chuse to associate with!"

Melmot assured him he knew that none of his associates would be guilty of such an action.

"Ay, ay!—" replied he —"you are all ready enough to answer, upon these occasions, for one another. But first, Sir, let your own conduct be justifiable before you attempt to vindicate others. Your whole figure, Sir, shews the kind of life you lead; and let me tell you, Mr. Melmot, that no daughter of mine shall unite herself with a rake or professed libertine!"

At that moment it was the kindest sentence Mr. Harley could have spoken, and he was content to bear the appellation so, otherwise, odious in his ears, could he but escape an union with Marianne, whose life, he plainly perceived, he could not fail to render miserable. He replied to Mr. Harley with such unaffected humility, and explained all the circumstances of his conduct in such a clear and satisfactory manner, as entirely pacified him; and he then entered into the griefs of his son with an earnestness that shewed how sincerely he was grieved.

"I do not wish to usurp any undue authority, young man," said he; "but, as I received such an earnest recommendation of you from Mr. Bromley, I think it my duty to watch your proceedings, and to caution you against such practices as must prove injurious to you. Mr. Bromley has cast you off for ever!"

This was a secret Melmot had carefully concealed; and now startled with astonishment at its being so unexpectedly revealed, tears filled his eyes, and his whole frame shook with agitation, that rendered him incapable of making any reply.

"I see," said Mr. Harley, "you are affected at the sense of your friendless state; and I am happy to find in you a sensibility uncommon in young men of *ton*. However, be not dismayed: while you are sensible of your errors, and willing to amend them, nothing shall be wanting on my part to promote your welfare. But, recollect that, if you plunge yourself into difficulties through dissipation and extravagance, you must not expect me to extricate you from them."

Melmot was in agony.——"May I ask, Sir, if you have your account of my proceedings from the Captain?"

"It is a question I do not chuse to answer, Sir," said Mr. Harley; "and it is unbecoming in you to ask."

Melmot's heart swelled within him, and he determined to quit the house without seeing the man who had so basely betrayed him. As he was going, Mr. Harley said—"Stay, Sir——As, for my own credit, I do not wish you to get into any fresh difficulties, take this," giving him a ten pound note: "and I trust you will behave discreetly for the future."

Melmot's pride revolted against taking it; but recollecting that it would enable him to cancel part of the obligation he was under to Percival overcame his scruples, and he took it with an air at once expressive of gratitude and reluctance. —He retired home immediately, and related to Maria what had passed, but withheld from her every thing that he thought likely to render her unhappy. He found, with much concern, that no tidings of Susanna had yet been received; for though his bosom beat high with resentment against Percival, he had too much real regard for him to

wish his unhappiness. The money Mr. Harley had that morning given him was much wanted by Melmot to defray a debt, the recollection of which was a weight upon his mind, as it was incurred in a manner repugnant to his sense of rectitude, but his pride for the moment overcame his prudence; he therefore inclosed the note in a piece of paper, which he directed to Captain Harley, and wrote thus—

"THE inclosed is the amount of what I am indebted to you:——obligations of friendship you have yourself cancelled.——To Miss Marianne I must now address myself——and throw myself entirely upon her generosity; for never will I, of my own accord, make her my wife. B. MELMOT.

Percival was unable to comprehend the meaning of this mad epistle, and immediately dressing himself, though very unable to bear the exertion, he determined to seek Melmot, and demand an explanation. He found him seated by Maria; one arm round her waist, and his eyes fixed on her countenance with an expression of the most ardent affection. With a tone and aspect unusually grave, he desired to speak with Melmot apart. They then retired into another room——"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean, Melmot?" said he, earnestly.

"I mean, Sir," replied the other, "that you have betrayed the confidence I reposed in you."

"Never, upon my soul, Melmot," said Percival, in a voice that declared how much the bare supposition hurt his feelings.——"But, this young woman——who is she?—Do you mean to make a fool of my sister?"

"I do not, Sir; but Maria I love——the fatal misunderstanding that separated us is cleared up——and unless your sister chuses to force my unwilling promise, Maria I must marry."

"Rage and indignation filled the breast of the young officer, and, with a contemptuous glance he replied—"You are a villain!"

Melmot started from his seat in a phrenzy; but, recollecting himself, he replied, coolly—"I am no villain, Percival!—I am already sufficiently distressed, and your re-

proaches, ungentle as they are, serve but to defeat the purpose intended——I am ready to give you what satisfaction you require; but, I own, I should reluctantly raise my hand against the man I once aspired to call friend!"

"Cowardly evasion!" exclaimed Percival. "I will not submit to such a palpable insult:—either renew your engagement with my sister, or give honourable satisfaction."

"'Tis well, Sir," said Melmot, still retaining the command of his temper——"I prefer the latter."

They then fixed, with much precision, the place and time of meeting, which was to take place on the morning of the day but one following. Percival then left a house, which to enter was now become a source of misery to him. Melmot's perturbed looks, when he returned to the parlour betrayed to the anxious Maria that something had disturbed him, and she exerted every endeavour to cheer his spirits, assuring him, that when she returned to his uncle, she doubted not but she should be able to make up the misunderstanding between them.—He shuddered to think how useless her interference might then be, as he determined to stand the fire of Percival, without even returning it; and he pressed her hand to his heart with a convulsive smile that augmented her terrors.

Just then a note arrived for Mrs. Bentley, which contained the happy intelligence that Susanna was safe at Lord Melfort's, who would immediately restore her to her friends, when the particulars of the affair would be cleared up; and, in about half an hour, his Lordship's carriage drove to the door, from which he handed her, and Susanna entering first, announced him to be her brother. The surprize this declaration would otherwise have excited, was diverted by the situation of Maria, who fainted immediately upon their entrance, and was borne to her apartment by Melmot; and Lord Melfort, apparently much agitated, entreated his sister to spare him the pain of being present at a recital which must prove so degrading to him. This was acceded to, and his Lordship retired.

Mrs. Bentley immediately wrote a note to Captain Harley, entreating his presence. Percival lost no time in obeying the welcome summons; and, after the first effusions of tenderness on each side was over, Susanna gave into his

hands a pacquet, which, she told him, contained the history of her family——" After your perusal of which," said she, " I will relate the particulars of the mistake which caused the discovery of Lord Melfort's alliance with me. Melmot just then entering, accompanied by Maria, Percival rose to take leave; and Melmot, to avoid the observations that must necessarily be made, advanced towards Susanna, and expressed his happiness at seeing her safe.

" But will you," said she, taking his hand affectionately, " will you extend your kindness to Lord Melfort, and grant him your forgiveness? Believe me, he is overwhelmed with shame for the part he has acted."

A glow of resentment for a moment possessed his countenance; but, after a pause, presenting Maria——" Pardon me, Miss Newcombe, if I say he has already found a more powerful advocate—Here the injury shall be forgotten—and may his Lordship, from this advocate, learn the danger of libertinism!"

The company looked their surprise! Upon explanation, it was found that Lord Melfort was the gentleman who had acted the part of Melmot's friend, but who was, in reality, he pander of Lord Brauncestown, by whom he was employed to take charge of Maria. His Lordship, however, being enamoured of her beauty, determined to secure the lovely prize himself, before his worthy friend's arrival; and, as stratagem was necessary to elude the vengeance of the Earl, tampered with the honesty of his fair accomplices, and engaged them to assist his scheme. The plan fixed upon was, the purposed masquerade night, where, discovering her by the particular jewel in her hat (placed there for that purpose), they were under this assumed disguise to carry her off. The scheme was prevented from taking place effectually by the entrance of Lord Brauncestown; but his *friend*, ignorant of the accident, went to the Pantheon, where he mistook Susanna for his expected prey, she having on a white domino, and had accidentally taken, in the midst of the confusion, unobserved by Maria, the marked hat instead of her own. When Melmot was left senseless from the blow he had received, Susanna was dragged into a carriage, the blinds of which were drawn up, and conveyed to a house of notorious fame in Soho, where,

taking off her mask, Lord Melfort, to his infinite terror and mortification, discovered Susanna to be his long disowned, abandoned sister! A discovery, the truth of which was confirmed by her own account.

Her mother was the wife of a young, dissipated, man of respectable family, but small possessions. His extravagance had so injured their circumstances, that they were reduced to a state of the utmost penury; when a friend of Mr. Warbeck, then Lord Melfort, a batchelor of fortune, offered to establish them in an eligible way, if they would prevail on their daughter Susanna, then but fourteen years old, to favour his addresses. Susanna's heart, as yet unengaged, readily acceded to the proposal, and she became the bethrothed wife of Lord Melfort, whose liberality to her family laid her under the most oppressive weight of obligation.

His Lordship was then about forty; plain in his person, and of a severe temper, which gave him, altogether, an air, naturally repellent to the love of a youthful female, and Susanna found, as she advanced in years, and approached the period when she must actually become the wife of Lord Melfort, that nothing but gratitude and a sense of her duty could lead her to fulfil engagements at which her heart revolted.—The nuptials were solemnized with the utmost splendour, and in the happiness of her parents Susanna found her own promoted. Their felicity was but transitory, for they expired, within a month of each other, just about the period when Susanna gave birth to the present Lord Melfort.

No longer urged by fears of their welfare, Susanna felt less able to smother her dislike of her Lord, and gave way to that gaiety he had, by his too great liberality, taught her to indulge. Young, beautiful, and *married*, which is as forcible a magnet to the libertines of the present age as the two former, she was soon an object of admiration; and her heart, naturally formed for love, yielded to the powerful attractions of a young Baronet, who, under the sanction of friendship for lord Melfort, robbed his wife of her honour! The intrigue was soon detected——the *worthy* Baronet fled, to avoid the chastisement his perfidy entitled him to; and Susanna, then pregnant by Lord Melfort, was turned

from her incensed husband's house—a divorce obtained—and from that period never tasted peace. She retired to an obscure village, upon the trifle he annually allowed her, and assumed the name of Newcombe, where Susanna, the real child of Lord Melfort, first saw the light.

His Lordship was so much irritated against her, that he extended his resentment to the innocent girl, whom he could never be brought to acknowledge, or behold, any more than its unhappy mother. He had, nevertheless, at the pathetic entreaty of a woman once so dear to him, suffered her to behold her son at different times, by which means he acquired a knowledge of Susanna's person; and at his death he recommended the child and its mother to his compassion.

His Lordship, however, so far from fulfilling the ties of nature, was engaged in other pursuits; and, unwilling to be encumbered with such clogs upon his fortune, wholly disclaimed the affinity. The unfortunate and guilty mother suffered all the pangs of an agonized conscience; and her tormented mind brought on a gradual decline, which at length terminated her existence at the age of twenty four. Her daughter she recommended to the care of her brother's widow, whom Lord Melfort had provided with a commission, and who had been killed in an engagement in the year 1793.

This with the certificate of her marriage, and a few other memorials were the contents of the pacquet given by Susanna to Percival, who, now that Lord Melfort seemed willing to acknowledge and support her, no longer attempted to withold her consent to an union with the Captain.

Percival who was stung with the deepest regret at the severity with which he had treated Melmot in the morning, found a motive for retiring as soon as possible; and Melmot, equally uneasy in his presence, gladly saw the party separate for the night.

Susanna, to whom the story of Maria was known, expressed for her the most flattering partiality; and, when they retired to the apartment they were that night to share together, explained to her how Melmot was situated with respect to Marianne——" And, indeed," said she, " I tremble for the consequences of the affair--Percival, though warmly attached to Melmot, is so impetuous, so scrupu-

lous of his family's honour, and so fondly devoted to his sister, that he will not tamely submit to her being trifled with; in which light he will certainly hold his breaking the engagement with her."

Maria wept——"Unfortunate girl that I am," she exclaimed——"What can I do to reconcile this difficulty?—Heaven knows I value my own happiness little, when put in competition with his; nor would I insure my own welfare, at the expence of his honour, for the world!——But how can I act; Mr Bromley will not, I fear, believe my protestations of innocence. My letters to him remain unanswered; and I am here in a situation most embarrassing! Can you advise me?"

"At present I cannot," replied Susanna. "you are very delicately situated. All I can recommend is, that you throw yourself entirely upon the generosity of Miss Harley—I know her disposition—and have reason to believe you will not repent it. Suffer me to send for her to-morrow morning—We will both assail her—and my life for it we conquer."

"But will it not be a very selfish plan on my own side?" said Maria, sighing.

"Very immaterially so," returned Susanna; "and the urgency of the business requires it. Besides, to state the case fairly, 'tis true the marriage with Miss Harley would be more advantageous to Melmot, but I am convinced it would not promote his happiness. I likewise firmly believe you are more sincerely attached to him than Miss Marianne, whose temper is naturally light and volatile; and I have no doubt she will with ease conquer her partiality in his favour. Her acquaintance with him has been short, and she may unite herself to one more suitable to her high qualities and expectations: on the other hand, you are wholly destitute of pride, and suppose Melmot the object of your first love, the man originally designed for you, and whom you must be miserable without."

Maria's tears owned the justice of this conclusion, and the plan was agreed on for the next day, when Maria determined to summon all her resolution to undergo the interview with her formidable rival.

Miss Harley was punctual to the time appointed in the note sent her by Maria, to whom she was introduced by Susanna, and immediately conceived a prepossession in her favour, which, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which they met, and the regret Maria felt at urging a suit so unpleasant, increased as she became more acquainted with the engaging manners of Marianne, and her cheeks were burning with blushes while she petitioned her to resign Melmot.

Miss Harley paused—looked tenderly upon Maria—and, rising with much agitation, said—" Enough, Miss Williams—do not distress my feelings—I will consider of what you request——but as it is necessary to have advice upon a subject of such importance, you must excuse me if I decline giving a positive answer for the present. My father has suddenly left town upon business, I believe, of importance to us all. At his return all shall be settled. Meanwhile," added she, tenderly pressing the hand of Maria to her bosom, " rest perfectly satisfied, that I will never give my consent to any proceeding that can tend to render you unhappy."

Maria expressed her gratitude in the warm language of the heart, and they parted mutually delighted with each other.

Melmot, whose thoughts were solely occupied with plans to avoid a rencounter with Percival, now determined upon an immediate meeting with Lord Brauncestown, against whom his bosom still burnt with resentment. He accordingly wrote and received an immediate answer, that his Lordship would attend him that evening, at six, in Hyde Park. The intervening time Melmot employed in settling his temporal concerns; and among the letters to his friends, which severally contained an exculpation of his character, was one recommending Maria to the protection of Miss Newcombe. To avoid the pain that must be occasioned to him by the parting from her he so tenderly loved, he absented himself from home the whole day; a measure that gave the most serious concern to the family.

Easily finding a gentleman willing to accompany him, he met Lord Brauncestown at the stated hour; and as he refused upon the ground to accept any compromise, his

Lordship fired: the ball took his left arm; but, heedless of the pain, and seeking only that death he in the agony of the moment fancied would release him from a life already miserable, he stood his ground, and returned the fire. His aim was taken so ill, that it totally failed, and the second ball of Lord Brauncestown penetrating his side, caused him instantly to fall. The first shock recovered, and fearful of alarming his friends, he insisted upon being first carried to Lord Melfort's; and the attendants, suggesting to Lord Brauncestown the danger of Melmot's situation, desired him to seek safety in flight; advice which, with the utmost readiness, he followed, leaving Melmot to the care of the gentleman who had accompanied him. A hackney-coach was procured, in which, with the utmost care, he was placed, and carried to Melfort House, where his Lordship had him attended to with the greatest care. As soon as the effusion of blood was stopped, and the surgeon had performed the necessary operations, advice was sent to Percival, who instantly relinquished all resentment, hasted to his dying friend, and, hanging over him with agony, reflected that *his* hand might have reduced him to a similar situation.

Melmot requested he would soften, as much as possible, the account of his danger to Maria, for the doctor had refused to flatter him with any hopes of his life. Percival, unable any longer to endure so painful a scene, retired to Westminster, where the fatal news had already arrived, and found Maria fainting beneath the weight of her terrifying apprehensions.—No persuasions could induce her to delay seeing Melmot, and, not regarding the alarming state she was already in, she insisted upon going with Susanna to Lord Melfort's. The dreadful alteration that had taken place in his person, in the course of a few hours, so much shocked her, that she was carried senseless from the chamber; and Susanna, fearful of her being ill in that house, heedless of her remonstrances, had her carried home. Her distress at being separated from him, and terror for his safety, altogether operated so powerfully upon her spirits, that, in less than two hours, she was seized with a high fever and delirium.

Mrs. Bently, whose age and many infirmities rendered her incapable of supporting the fatigue of attending upon

her young friend, was greatly relieved by the kindness of Miss Harley, who, hearing of the distressful adventure, would not be denied the satisfaction of assisting her; and, with unexampled generosity, attended Maria through an illness of a most alarming nature; while Susanna was equally vigilant in her care of Melmot, whose danger seemed to augment daily.

Penetrated with a sense of the most heartful gratitude, Maria daily reiterated her thanks.——"How shall I, Miss Harley," she said, "ever know how to compensate you for all the trouble I am the cause of? To you I owe my life, and all that is as dear to me—and to your brother my debt is not less——Alas! how am I repaying you!"

"Cease, my dear girl," said Marianne, with assumed gaiety—"you are now doing me the greatest injury in your power——Do you know that the greatest happiness you can confer upon a woman is to let her have her will? Since, then, it is mine to act in the manner I do, why should you seek to deprive me of the good you *can* obtain from me?"

Thus did Marianne, in the most delicate manner, strive to remove the sense of obligation that so much depressed Maria, and endeavour, by every charming assiduity, to remove the despondency that the increasing danger of Melmot created;—and at this period Miss Harley felt severely the loss of her father, of whose absence she knew the cause, but dared not reveal it until its success was ascertained, as her elder sister was in no other way useful than in presiding over the almost uninhabited house in Berkley Street.

Lord Melfort was the diurnal messenger between the two houses, and beheld with admiration the tender conduct of Miss Harley. His Lordship was now of an age rather unlover like; but as he had been remarkably handsome, he still retained some traces of it—such as a graceful deportment; a manly, expressive face; and personal attraction. His age was not much exceeding forty; and as an insinuating address had ever been his advocate among women, he doubted not that, under his present restricted conduct, his honourable addresses would not be unacceptable to some lady of tolerable attractions. During his career of

folly, Miss Harley had been considered by him as a fine girl, and he had not unfrequently said, that if she was not such a mere child he should not think her unworthy of a more decided pursuit. Other passions, however, had diverted his thought, and Marianne was forgotten, till her amiable conduct now striking him very forcibly, and her beauty concurring, he began to think her an object of serious consideration.

Marianne, on her part, fogetting all the former failings, of his Lordship, put the most favourable construction on his attentions; and not thinking of him in the light of a lover, beheld his reformation with pleasure, and conceived him entitled to her friendship as the brother of her friend who was to be so soon related to her.

With these sentiments, and no other, did Marianne regard him; but his Lordship, who well knew how soon friendship and esteem may be ripened into love, determined to let no means escape of improving himself in those virtues, of which her own exemplary conduct proved herself the admirer; and as he scorned to entertain an idea derogatory to her honour, he flattered himself that time and assiduity would effect his purpose. Maria he had of late, in conformity with this new plan ceased to consider as an object of desire; and his affection for Melmot, which amounted to a somewhat he was at a loss to define, confirmed him in principles of rectitude highly pleasing to his friends.

Poor Bromley, alone, felt not the cheering hand of Hope. Conceiving his death to be inevitable, he looked forward to a separation from Maria with resignation, as to the will of the Supreme!——a separation which no earthly power could have effected.

As Maria's health amended, she paid him short but daily visits, and by that means afforded him all the consolation he was capable of enjoying. The wound in his arm betrayed such rapid symptoms of mortification, that an amputation was hourly expected, an operation which was only retarded by the conviction he expressed, that he should not survive the deprivation; and as his fears heightened his disorder, it was judged best to leave all to nature. As the crisis approached, every heart sunk under the weight

of its sorrows; himself alone waiting with resignation the awful fiat. Contrary to the opinion of all his physicians, his disorder took a favourable turn, and its violence seemed to abate; and his wounds, from being less subject to irritation, seemed gradually to assume an appearance highly favourable to all their wishes, when an event took place that at once confirmed their sanguine expectations.

Melmot was one morning seated in an arm-chair; his head supported upon the shoulder of Maria; his languid eyes fixed with rapture upon the lovely hand he grasped in his own, and his mind wandering with pleasing anticipation to scenes of tranquillity, which he hoped soon to see realized—when the sudden entrance of Mr. Harley roused them both from the pensive reverie into which they had fallen.

Susanna had just left the room and Marianne was in Burlington Street. Mr. Harley addressed Melmot with a benignant smile——"My dear boy," said he, "I am happy to find the danger of your situation less than I expected; and I have brought with me a friend, who, I am sure, will not be less pleased. Are you well enough to bear a meeting with a person much loved, and from whom you have long been estranged?"

A cold tremour seized every nerve, as he spoke; and the pallid cheeks of Melmot betrayed his consciousness.

"Come, come," cried Mr. Harley, "I may as well kill you with joy as sorrow——Will you, young lady, step and desire Mr. Bromley to walk this way—for I cannot leave this boy, with his weak nerves, upon any consideration?"

He knew not how interesting to Maria this commission was—she flew to the parlour, and flung herself upon the bosom of Mr. Bromley, who was then waiting to receive his nephew:—he clasped her with paternal fondness to his heart, and desired her to lead him to Melmot's chamber. For her life, she dared not witness the interview, but hasted to her own apartment, there to give vent to the tears of joy she found it impossible to restrain.

Mr. Bromley entered the room, when he received the emaciated, fainting Melmot in his arms, and, for a moment, the rapture of their feelings excluded all power of reason.

—"Dear—dear Melmot!" at length exclaimed Mr. Bromley, in a voice broken by emotion——"is it thus I behold thee!—has my foolish credulity driven thee to this! —But think no more of it, my Bromley——I will never more forsake thee!"

These tender assurances revived Melmot, who could only faintly articulate his joy and gratitude, and entreat that his Maria might be the participater of his happiness, as she had been of his misfortunes. Just then she entered, and a scene of the most affecting tenderness took place.

"My dear children," said Mr. Bromley, "you are indebted to the kind Mr. Harley for this pleasure——through him have I discovered all the infamous means that have been used by the base Mrs. Nettleby to intercept our correspondence and estrange my affections from you;—she was the agent of that most execrable villain, Brauncestown! The malice of her views has, however (thanks to Providence!), been frustrated, and I have once more the delight to clasp in my arms my dear children, of whose fate I should not so long have remained ignorant, had not a dangerous illness, rendered still more oppressive by the uneasiness of my mind, deprived me of almost all my faculties. Mr. Harley, who has conceived a partiality, my dear Melmot, in your favour, conceiving there was a mystery in the whole affair, kindly undertook the fatigue of a journey into Cornwall; through his means I have discovered the whole transaction; and I come to make atonement for my past error, by taking you once more into that protection you have ever deserved. And now, Melmot, let me represent to you the errors of your conduct, which must have led you into a situation the most dreadful, had you not had a friend to watch over your actions, who discovered, with a partial eye, all those virtues which wanted but stability to ripen into maturity. From a too strong spirit of independence, in the first place, you scorned to seek favours from one who might be supposed to confer them reluctantly:——the source was laudable, but not prudent; and you rashly sought, like many of your inexperienced sex, to shew your contempt of the world, by drawing down its contempt on yourself. Conscious of your own instability, you could not place confidence in the rectitude of

others. Instead of calmly reflecting on your situation, and actually struggling against the misfortunes that seemed likely to oppress you, you yielded to extravagant grief and intemperate folly, rendering yourself by those means despicable to men of sense, and the dupe of villains and needy adventurers.——But I distress you, Melmot—I hope you are sufficiently convinced of the folly of your conduct, and will in future call in the assistance of reason and patience in whatever misfortune may befal you. Mrs. Nettleby is no longer in my service; and as for the youth, whose ignorance caused all the misunderstanding—as the fault originated in his head, and not his heart, a reprimand will be sufficient; and for your affianced wife," added he, smiling at Maria, "I want her now to preside over my desolated mansion. "You have, I hope, seen enough of the world, my boy: we will now turn our thoughts to scenes of domestic tranquillity."

Percival, entering soon after, joined his most sincere congratulations on the happy change that had taken place; and the thanks of all were directed to Mr. Harley, who received them with a better grace than usual, as the satisfaction which glared on every face impelled a ray on his hitherto irascible muscles.

About eight o'clock Lord Melfort sent up his name, and begged to be admitted; and Mr. Bromley expressing a wish to make his acknowledgments to him for his kindness to Melmot, his Lordship accordingly found admission; but no sooner entered the apartment than every feature underwent an instantaneous change. Still, as if dubious of the identity of the person who had attracted his notice, he appeared reserved; when Mr. Bromley, starting from his seat exclaimed——"Ha!—Montague!———are you here too?"

Lord Melfort, with a voice of agony, replied——"Oh! Bromley—you behold in me a true convert! Had not the late unfortunate events retarded my intentions, I should ere this have made atonement to you in any way you might desire.——To this virtuous circle I owe my conversion, and now throw myself upon your generosity———One word only—Does my son live?"

Mr. Bromley rushed to his arms——"Augustus!——you are once more my friend!———Your son lives———

behold him here!" And now, captivated, he took the astonished Melmot by the hand———

"Do you, my child, live!"——Kneel to that parent who has so long abandoned you!—And may you be the ligament that shall attach him more strongly to virtue!"

Melmot knelt—and the purest pleasure Lord Melfort had ever experienced was in clasping the child of his devoted Fanny to his breast!——"However I may wish to spare my own feelings on this subject," said Lord Melfort, "it is a duty I owe to all my friends, to inform them, that the woman, for whom I deserted the dear angel, Fanny, proved my curse!—The extravagance and vice she practised drove me into the greatest extremes, and the accident that took her from me, was, I must confess, far from disagreeable: our union was but short, and the unfortunate opinion I formed from that specimen so wholly discouraged me, that I gave way to an extravagant libertinism of principle, from which I am at length happily emancipated. It shall now be the study of my life to make my son happy; and though, from the unhappy occurrences of his birth, he cannot legally possess the title I have lately acquired, his virtues will overbalance disadvantages which the eye of prejudice alone can conceive as material; and Bromley Montague will be as dear to his friends, and all who know his worth, as if he were the legitimate descendant of a Prince!"

"It is not the advantages of birth, alone," Mr. Bromley observed, "that can procure respectability, but intrinsic merit; and of that my dear nephew has never been found deficient."

It is, without doubt, needless to say, that all differences were finally adjusted. Marianne, no longer under the influence of a truant passion, secured her own happiness in that of her friends; and with the mutual consent of all parties, at the expiration of the prescribed period, Bromley and Maria were united. The house lately Lord Braunce-stown's was purchased for Bromley by his father, as a country residence.—The whole party determined to continue in town together during the winter, and in the month of August Susanna gave her hand to Percival.

A handsome settlement was made on the family of the benevolent Butley, who was still living, and thus found the effects of a humane action produce true comfort through life.

Influenced by good example, the affection Marianne had shewn to the son was, notwithstanding the disparity of years, transferred to the father; and Lord Melfort had never cause to regret what the world calls the imprudence of marrying a young wife, as his respectful and tender behaviour towards her never gave her cause to repent her choice; and the dutiful obedience and mild temper of Marianne compensated for the want of that violent love, which, although productive of the highest gratification during its continuance, is frequently of two capricious a nature to continue through life; while a pure esteem, founded on reciprocal merit, seldom fails of ensuring that tranquil felicity, as permanent as pleasing.

Of Bromley and Mrs. Montague we have only to say, that their fond affection for each other, as it could admit of no increase, likewise suffered no diminution in the marriage state, wherein they enjoyed a scene of exemplary domestic virtue!

PLACENTIA.

A CHARACTER.

LONG has the epithet, "Old Maid," been considered as a term of reproach; and long has this unfortunate class of the fair sex been hunted down, like the timid hare, because they possess not power to repel the repeated attacks of the ungenerous and unfeeling of both sexes.—— Insensate must that heart be, which can refuse a tear of commiserative pity to the female whose virtue and tender sensibility may have placed her on the list of antiquated virgins.——Placentia, in the bloom of youth, when the roseate hue of health adorned her vivid cheek; when each succeeding year presented still a fairer prospect, received the addresses of young Philander: two happy years passed away in all the sweets of courtship: the gentle Placentia, whose tongue ever spoke the dictates of her heart, nor ever

vibrated on the ear but in accents of the purest, most ingenuous truth, suspected not perfidy in him who had long enjoyed her confidence, and whose heart she possessed in exchange for her own——Mistaken fair!—The false Philander deserved not such a heart. His groveling soul never felt the soft emotions of real love. Skilled in the arts of base dissimulation, a pretended passion flowed from his delusive tongue, while his heart remained

"Cold as a dead lover's statue on a tomb."

He did not rob her of her virtue?—No; that was guarded by a superior power; but he robbed her of her peace of mind; he plunged an ideal dagger in her soul, and then, like the dark assassin, left her, a deserted wanderer on the world's wide common.

Placentia sustained the keenest anguish with a virtuous fortitude that would have added glory to the name of Portia. Oft, when the tear has started in her eye, checking the impulse of grief, she would exclaim, "Go false youth, *you* have triumphed, it is true; but never shall *another* flatterer say, that Placentia listened to his idle tale—no, I abjure the sex! I fly from them for ever."

In spite of her fortitude, however, memory would present his image to her fancy; nor could her reluctant bosom suppress the rising sigh.—On a small paternal fortune she had since retired to the country, where mild benevolence, and meek-eyed charity attend her every action: from her door the distressed traveller never retires unrelieved; the laborious sons of poverty, in the surrounding village, never sink on the bed of sickness for want of her consolatory assistance, nor does declining age drop neglected to the grave, while Placentia possesses ought that can protract the faint flame of life.—She encourages matrimonial connections among the young rustics of the villiage, for she is conscious that matrimony, when attended by virtue, is the happiest state of mortality; but she is conscious also, that *she* cannot enjoy that happiness.—A variety of overtures have been made to induce her to change her condition, but in vain; her bosom, unlike that of the volatile coquette, is incapable of a second passion. Advantage has often been urged, by her friends, as a plea; but her answer always is, "I hope I possess more generosity than to give my hand where my heart cannot accompany it." Thus is she proof against

every attack; yet it cannot be said that she is lost to the world—no; perhaps in a single state, she is of more essential service to humanity, than if her hand had been in the possession of the perfidious Philander, nay, even if he had been worthy of her; for Placentia is one of those old maids who take virtue for their model, and whose actions are guided by motives of the purest sensibility.

TEMPLE OF SENSIBILITY.

(Concluded from page 287)

MISS Manfield was equally inspired with a passion for Westerville: he seemed possessed of so much urbanity and goodness of heart, and such an air of softness shaded his manly countenance, that from so short an acquaintance, he had become extremely interesting to her. There was a superior merit conspicuous in both, and a congeniality of disposition, which at once endeared them to each other by such attracting sentiments of purity as only virtuous and tender souls experience.——In a few days, Charles collected courage (for true love surmounts all difficulties) to acquaint her with his passion; and though awed, as it were, by her superior presence, yet he urged his suit so feelingly, that Louisa, who was a perfect stranger to coquetry, confessed her partiality. As frankness and generosity were among her predominant virtues, she listened to his protestations with increasing sensibility; and, candidly rising superior to the little arts and intrigues of her sex, at once kindly completed the measure of his happiness by avowing a reciprocal attachment. In their conversation she noticed the romantic appearance of their acquaintance, and Westerville quoted a passage from Shakespeare extremely apropos:——" we no sooner saw each other," said he, " but we loved; no sooner loved, but sighed; no sooner sighed, but asked each other the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but sought, and I hope, have found, the remedy."——Louisa blushed.

Sweet sensibility! to thee we owe the finer emotions of the soul, and all the exquisite sensations of mutual love!

'Tis thou who enlargest the heart, and inspires it with those soft affections which unite us together in sympathetic bonds of dearest amity!

Towards the upper part of Westerville's favourite retreat was a little plantation of yews and cypresses, so situated, that it commanded a fine view of the whole landscape, in the midst of which was a clear polt of green herbage; save one poor solitary willow, whose weeping branches pensively swept the sward. Here Charles determined to erect an octagon Temple in compliment to Miss Manfield, as the place was not only peculiarly adapted for meditation, but likewise a walk of which she was extremely fond. Accordingly he applied to some workmen, and, at the same time, wrote to a friend for such decorations as he thought necessary for the completion of his design. In a little time, he had the pleasure not only of announcing the idea, but also of communicating the pleasing intelligence to Miss Manfield, who took the first opportunity of accompanying him to her intended seclusion, for which she had already conceived an unusual predilection. Nor was she disappointed; for she saw that the hint was taken from one of Mr. Potter's beautiful Novelettes, of which she was fond to a degree of enthusiasm: in compliment, therefore, to Miss Manfield, permit me occasionally to make use of his description.

The weeping willow stood a few paces before the Temple; a myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building; and a jasmine, which was taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On a marble frieze was this inscription, from Sterne:——

TEMPLE *of* SENSIBILITY.

" Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's pre-
" cious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! Thou chains't
" thy martyr down upon his bed of straw; and 'tis thou
" who lifts him up to Heaven—eternal fountain of our
" feelings!—'Tis here I trace thee——!"

Within was a neat bookcase, which contained a judicious selection of the most esteemed works, put up in elegant bindings: on a broad marble column, which seemed to support it, were these words:——

"Sweet pliability of man's spirits, that can at once sur-
" render itself to illusions which cheat expectation and
" sorrow of their weary moments!"

The walls were painted a pale green, and tastefully ornamented with small marble busts of Richardson, Rousseau, Sterne, and Zimmerman. In a niche was placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensitive plant,—a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place,—contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air.

Her tender breast with pity seems to pant,
And shrinks at ev'ry shrinking of the plant.

HAYLEY.

To this enchanting retreat Westerville would retire with his dear Louisa, where, tasting all the delights of a refined and mutual affection, they seemed but to live in each other's company. They would spend the whole day alternately perusing their favorite authors, and anticipating scenes of future happiness; or, as fancy lead, would stray along the vale indulging the feelings of reciprocal affection.

Oh! happy state of heart-felt rapture!—secure of each other's affections, they lived free from those coroding passions which disturb mankind in an intercourse with the world. Their tender hearts were equally susceptible to the rapturous emotions of that refined passion; and, superlatively happy in each other's presenee, they passed their time experiencing all those ecstatic sensations which a truly virtuous love can inspire. In this retired situation they saw few of the miseries of mankind.——But soon, fond couple shall ye experience Fortune's keenest adversities; for, know, that the officious tongue of fame has already reported the dreadful tidings to old Westerville. For a while, rage and contempt alternately racked his sordid bosom; at length he set out, vowing revenge on a son, who could bring (as he considered it) such contempt upon his family. He reached Charles's habitation just as the latter had returned from the "Temple of Sensibilty," where he had left Miss Manfield, in order to fetch his flute. After the old man's frenzy had something subsided, he ordered Charles into the carriage, who just had time to entrust a line with the old housekeeper, wherein he mentioned his unhappy fate, and vowed eternal fidelity. In a moment they were out of sight; and, on their arrival in town,

Charles was immediately sent on board a vessel, with a packet of written instructions to direct him on a mercantile affair of importance.

The ship on board which Westerville had embarked was driven by a tempest into the north seas, and compelled to seek anchorage not far from the object of his affections. Though the captain had received positive injunctions not to suffer Charles to land until they reached the destined port, yet, by appealing to the feelings of even the rough sailor, he was so far prevailed on by the language of natural affection, as to put him on shore for a few hours. But what were Westerville's sensations, when he found himself beneath the valley on whose bank he had so often wandered with his lovely Louisa!——Love increased agility, and brought him in a little time to his favourite Temple. He entered hastily, but found it unoccupied; though from the freshness of a line (which was scarcely dry) drawn under these words in Sterne's Maria,——" God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,"—he was convinced that some one of sensibility had been perusing that exquisitely pathetic tale. The remark affected him exceedingly, and he thought it had touched Louisa, for he fancied that there was a tear here and there upon the page. In ascending the hill towards Mr. Manfield's, he caught a transient glance of Louisa passing through the wicket, which caused him to proceed with redoubled energy; insomuch, that on entering the well-known door he was quite exhausted with the exertion and the anticipated pleasure of meeting Miss Manfield.

I shall slightly pass over a separation that I can inadequately describe. Miss Manfield accompanied Westerville to the boat, where their emotions were discovered by the rough sailors; and 'albeit, unused to the melting mood,' yet it operated so powerfully upon their feelings, that their hearts overflowed with tenderness whilst the generous souls freely offered to leave Westerville in the arms of his dear Louisa.

But the lovely girl, aware of the consequences which must inevitably ensue, preferred Westerville's welfare to her own; and, sooner than he should further incur the displeasure of an already incensed parent, positively insisted on being left to her fate, which be it what it would, was

joy, was ecstacy, compared to his unhappiness. She saw the boat which contained her all in this world, save her father, move from the shore; and, pursuing it with a frantic pleasure, saw them safe on board, in order to pursue a voyage which soon proved so fatal to her peace.

The mind of sensibility takes a pleasure in brooding over sorrows that flow for a worthy object; and Miss Manfield had a pensive satisfaction in every thought that recalled the idea of Westerville. She was never absent from the "Temple of Sensibility" when her presence was unnecessary at home; for her greatest happiness consisted in perusing those favourite passages whose beauties he had first pointed out to her. From the similitude between her own situation and Anna's, in Falkner's "Shipwreck," to which she knew Westerville's attachment, it became her constant companion. How often, on perusing this charming Poem, would she exclaim, in the pathetic language of the inspired writer,——"Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!'

When accumulated misfortunes press upon us, and we are abandoned by those who in the days of our prosperity professed the most disinterested friendship, then are the charms of literature a solace indeed, and a good book becomes the best of friends.

One evening towards the latter end of the year, as Mr. Manfield was endeavouring to dispel, by innocent diversions, a more than ordinary gloom, which pervaded the countenance of his dear child, a sudden and violent tempest arose in the east, which swelled the sea to an amazing height: a dismal darkness, encompassed the earth, save that the frequent flakes of vivid lightning now and then illumined the mountains, and discovered several large black clouds which presaged an impending storm. Louisa retired to her room, but the dreadful idea of Westerville's enduring the tempest inspired unutterable anguish. Her big heart throbbed with incredible violence against a tender bosom much too small for such an agitated inhabitant. She flew to her favourite "Shipwreck," and, indulging a kind of melancholy woe, her wild imagination presented the crew of the much-wished for vessel experiencing all the sufferings which the poet so movingly describes.

Mr. and Miss Manfield the next morning directed their walk towards the sea shore, for the humane purpose of rendering assistance to any object that they might find in distress, but more particularly to prevent the inhabitants of the neigbouring parishes from plundering those unfortunate fellow-creatures, who have suffered, far from home, a watery death:—'twas a sweet morning and such as often succeeds a storm. They reach the strand—but, what are Louisa's sensations on discovering a lifeless body upon the water, which the surf, in a moment, throws at her feet!——Her natural humanity soon collects fortitude to examine the corse:—her heart beats with unusual palpitations as she gazes upon something half-concealed in the strangers bosom.———Good Heavens!—'tis the portrait of Louisa Manfield prest close to the clay-cold breast of Charles Westerville!———She falls apparently lifeless upon the body! —Her senses, alas! are flown forever! * * * * * * * * * * * * *

DELIUS.

ON

POETRY, MUSIC, AND DANCING.

OF all the liberal or elegant arts, there is not any so ancient (music and dancing excepted) as poetry. It has existed in all ages and in all countries. History does not afford us an example of a single nation where its influence has not been felt and acknowledged. It has accompanied man from the most early period of time to ages of the highest refinement: it has been alike cultivated by the savage in his woods, and the luxurious courtier, distinguished by the favour of his prince. It appears to have been the peculiar gift of that benevolent Being who governs all things, as the source of our amusement and instruction, as the means of at once entertaining and humanising mankind. It was this invaluable blessing which first enabled us to exalt the mind, to shake off the brute, and act in a manner worthy of beings who assumed the epithet of rational. This noble art, if it is not a contradiction in terms, to denominate any thing as such, which no human invention can perform, unassisted by a peculiar genius, has at all times been

encouraged. The ancient bards or poets, held a distinguished rank among the people with whom they resided. It was they who guided their councils; and the irresistible influence of their songs was frequently the occasion of a peace or a war. The spirit of the bard diffused itself through the whole assembly. Love, rage, tenderness, and pity, alternately possessed their breasts, and manifested itself in uncouth gestures and contortions. The warrior grasped his spear, and even the timid became bold. And here I cannot help observing, that notwithstanding dancing appears to have been the most ancient amusement of uncivilized man; yet there do not exist any reasons, to suppose that music prevailed prior to poetry. On the contrary, it appears reasonable to infer, that music was contemporary with, or posterior to the art of versification.

That men should express what gave them pleasure or pain by rude gestures, before the formation of language, is by no means extraordinary; but it would have been somewhat singular to have invented music (I mean vocal) before they were provided with the subject of a song. It is probable that poetry and music rose together, by the desire of perpetuating some memorable event, and might be sung or chaunted, with a view to render it more impressive, and for which purpose it was absolutely necessary to throw it into a kind of measure; but this is a subject of curiosity, not importance; and the highest commendation of poetry is its usefulness, and the only true method of pronouncing its eulogium, is to shew the advantages accruing therefrom. Of this the Greeks were so sensible, that they ascribed the invention of dramatic poetry to the gods. Nor was this without reason. No species of composition has been attended with more beneficial consequences, or contributed more largely to the refinement of the taste and manners of the age. Those truths which men would neglect, when presented by the moralist, they readily adopt when they come before them as an entertainment; and by seeing the ridiculous appearance of vice, they are insensibly led to be in love with virtue. Where the priest and philosopher have failed, the poet has succeeded, and the mind, captivated by the harmony of numbers, has been led by degrees to the practice of virtue. It is also to the poets we are indebted for the beautiful fictions of the ancients; and had the priests been poets, the empire of superstition had become univer-

sal, philosophers and the vulgar had then been alike under its powerful influence. The mind, hurried on by the irresistible force of eloquence, would not have found time to examine its principles and discover the lurking poison. It would at first have acquiesced, and, afterwards, embraced the error. But this, fortunately, has not been the case, poetry now is capable of affording the highest mental entertainment. When the mind is depressed with sorrow and affliction, and turns with disgust from the dry researches of philosophy, or even history, poetry presents itself as a never-failing source of relief, from which every man, in some degree, derives pleasure and satisfaction. In short, shew me the man who can hear, unmoved, the recital of an elegant poem, and I shall not hesitate to pronounce him a perfect phenomenon—As a wretch, whose bosom is callous to every impulse of nature, and into whose heart pity can never enter.

THE WOODEN LEG:

AN HELVETIC TALE.

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of Runti precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called echo gaily from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the vallies seven times resound his songs melodious. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's edge. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. "My son," said the old man, smiling, "do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are to many the most strait and active." "I don't doubt, father," replied the shepherd, "but it is very honourable to you, though, I dare say, another would be

more useful. Without doubt you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of the rock?"

Old Man. "I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg." The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said, "let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty power, and bless their valour; for without that, you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! sweet liberty! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours; and the time of the harvest is with us rejoicing days."

Young Shepherd. "He does not deserve to be a freeman, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers."

Old Man. "But who in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle, where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittering at a distance with more than two hundred horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched; and the earth resounded with their horses hoofs. Our little troop was already broken. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of a hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that painted rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the stand-

ard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they o'erleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool. So we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge, but always were forced to retire to the shelter of these hills; we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crush lay waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and the dying, to extend vengeance and death still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy, in his flight, rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier, who fought the nearest to me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring heaven to aid us—"Take care, good father, of this warrior," my deliverer cried; "he has fought like a son of liberty!" he said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life; I have sought him in vain, I have made vows and pilgrimages that some saint of Paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude." The young shepherd having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, said: "No, father, in this life you can never shew him your gratitude." The old man, surprised, cried, Heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?"

Young Shepherd. "I am much deceived, if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive!

Old Man. "O God! O angels of heaven! was that generous man thy father?"

Young Shepherd. "He had a scar here, pointing to his left cheek; he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field."

Old Man. "His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off! O my child! my son!"

Young Shepherd. "He died two years ago; and as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats." The old man embraced him, and said, "Heaven be praised! I can recompence thee for his generosity. Come, my son! come with me, and let some other keep thy goats."

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in lands and flock, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. "My child," said he to her, "he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united." The young man was an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man with tears of joy, said to them, "My blessing rest upon you, my children! this day has made me the most happy of mortals."

LEE IN BEDLAM.

WHEN Lee, the poet, was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to see him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to shew him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical

prison—Lee moralising philosophically enough all the time, to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended together to the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from this perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm—"Let us immortalize ourselves," he exclaimed, "let us take this leap. We'll jump down together this instant." Any man could jump down," said his friend, coolly, "we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap; but let us go down, and try if we can *jump up again.*" The madman, struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap than that which he himself had proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs, full of a new project for securing immortality!

DESCRIPTION.

MR. ARNOLD, a friar, having occasion to go to Rome, from Paris, had long been teazing the Prime Minister to furnish him with a recommendatory letter to the Cardinal, who was the Confidential Minister of the Pope. The worthlessness of the man being sufficiently known, his request was often evaded and refused. His tiresome and repeated solicitations, however, at last, produced the following; which, as soon as he obtained, he set out on his tour:

SIR,

Mr. Arnold, an English Friar,
who is of the order of St Bennet,
has desired my leave to wait on you
and that he may introduce himself
with this letter. He is one of the most
ingenious, sensible, and least
vicious person that I ever yet
amongst all I have conversed with
knew, and hath earnestly requested me
to write to you in his favour,
to give him a letter for you of
credence on his behalf, with my
recommendation which I have granted to his
merit, I assure you rather than

importunity, for, believe me, Sir,
he is one that deserves your esteem and
I shall be very sorry if you happen to be
wanting in obliging him by being
mistaken, in not rightly knowing him,
which 'tis possible at first you may
as several others have been,
who do now greatly esteem him
and are of my best friends. Henee, Sir,
and from no other motive or design
it is, that I desire to advertise you,
and earnestly intreat the favour of you
to take especial notice of him,
and do whatever is in your power,
and to say nothing in his presence
that looks unkind or disrespectful
in any sort; for I may truly
say, I love him as I do myself, and
assure you, there cannot be a more
convincing argument I think of an
unworthy person in the world,
than any ways to treat him ill.
I know that yourself, as soon as you
cease to be a stranger to him, and
shall come to be acquainted with him,
will approve of him as well as I, and
will give me thanks for this advice.
The assurance I have always of your
Civility and respect obliges me not to
write further of him to you, or to
say more on this subject.

I am, Sir, yours,
JOHANNES A DU HILL.

Paris.

CURIOUS ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

A RICH old citizen of Bergamo had lent to one of his countrymen at Florence 400 crowns, which he advanced without any person being present, and without requiring a written acknowledgment. When the stipulated time had elapsed, the creditor required his money; but the borrower, well apprised that no proof could be brought against him, positively denied that he had ever received it.—After many fruitless attempts to recover it, the lender was advised to resort to the Duke, who would find some method of doing him justice. Alessandro accordingly ordered both parties before him, and after hearing the assertions of the one, and the positive denial of the other, he turned to the creditor, saying:—"Is it possible then, friend, that you can have lent your money when no one was present?" "There was no one, indeed," replied the creditor, "I counted out the money to him on a post." "Go, bring the post then this instant," said the Duke, "and I will make it confess the truth."—The creditor though astonished on receiving such an order, hastened to obey, having first received a secret caution from the duke not to be very speedy in his return. In the mean time, the Duke employed himself in transacting the business of his other suiters, till, at length turning again to the borrower—"This man," says he, stays a long time with his post." "It is so heavy, sir," replied the other, "that he could not yet have brought it." Again Alessandro left him, and returning some time afterwards, carelessly exclaimed:—"What kind of men are they that lend their money without evidence; was there no one present but the post?" "No, indeed, sir," replied the knave, "The post is a good witness then," said the Duke," and shall make thee pay the man his money."

Song.

SNATCH FLEETING PLEASURES.

With ceaseless care we court our charms,
In quest of thorns we rove the mead,
And slight the violet's modest charms,
That blooms beneath our tread.
Snatch fleeting pleasures hence moping irksome care!
Gather life's roses, while fresh and fair.

What tho' at morn the tempest lour,
And round the forky lightnings play;
Ere long the stormy blast is o'er,
And gladsome smiles the day. Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

The breast that envy ne'er alarms,
Seeks pure delight in calm retreat;
And all alive to Nature's charms,
Meets bliss that flies the great. Snatch fleeting pleasure, &c.

Who courts fair truth with vows sincere,
Nor checks compassion's gen'rous sigh;
His home contentment's smile shall cheer:
Blest smile, no wealth can buy! Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

When e'er intruding gloom prevails,
And sorrow prompts the starting tear,
Kind friendship's smile the cloud dispels,
And softens ev'ry care. Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

For friendship stills affliction's sigh,
And smooths misfortune's rugged way,
To twilight turns the darksome sky,
And twilight into day. Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

Hail, sacred friendship, heav'nly pow'r!
To thee the daily vow shall rise:
So blithe shall glide the fleeting hour,
And lead to brighter skies! Snatch fleeting pleasures, &c.

NEVER DOUBT THAT I LOVE.

Doubt the morning and evening dew or the blush,
Or the vermilioned rose,
Doubt the violet so sweet and so blue,
Or the fairness that lillies disclose,
Doubt the snow on the mount to be white,
Doubt the trees that you see in the grove,
Doubt the beams of the sun to be bright,
But oh! never doubt that I love.
Doubt the music that strikes on your ear
Or the vision so plain to your eye
Doubt the christaline gem to be clear
Or the stars that enlighten the sky
Doubt the counsel of truth can betray
Or constancy's longing to rove
Doubt that wisdom can lead you astray
But oh! never doubt that I love.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

A PASTORAL.

OLD night's sable curtains were gently withdrawn
As Phœbus' bright wheels onward roll'd;
The sky was all spangled by Mithra's return,
And brilliant as diamond in gold.

The myrtle and rose, exhal'd their perfume,
As did all the sweet spicy groves;
The face of creation was all in a bloom,
And gay as the sweet blushing rose.

The violet and pink, companions were made,
And sweetly perfumed the air;
Her snowy white head, the lilly display'd
Resemblance of virtue how fair.

The sprays were all thronged, with warblers who sang,
Of sweetness, of friendship and love;
Thro' the verdant grove, their strains softly rang,
And each gave a wreathe to the dove.

The Zephyrs were blowing, the boughs gently mov'd,
And in the glad concert were join'd;
The rills gently flowing, like streams from above,
And all were most sweetly combin'd.

Such th' fair summer's morn so pleasant and gay,
When Phœbus appears in the east;
Such charms hath kind nature bestow'd on the day,
Then let me recline to my rest.

PHILOTHEORUS.

ELWYN AND JESSY.

IN a glen, far sequester'd, where innocence reigns,
And Contentment smiles sweet on the scene;
Where Esk, slow meand'ring, enriches the plains,
Stood the cottage of Elwyn, the happiest of swains,
And Jessy, the pride of the green.

Neat, and snug, was the cottage, embow'r'd in a shade
Of poplars with ivy entwin'd;
Thro' the meadows before it a rivulet stray'd,
And, in Nature's rude grandeur, the mountains display'd
Their wild rocky summits behind.

Five summers had pass'd since the close of the year
Which had seen them in wedlock unite:
Meanwhile two sweet pledges, their pride and their care,
The hearts of the faithful, the virtuous pair,
Had crown'd with increasing delight.

Unskill'd in the love which to Lux'ry and Pride
A transient rapture imparts;
Their farm, and their flocks, all their wishes supply'd!
They knew not, they sought not, a blessing beside:
And their pleasures were pure as their hearts.

Thus tranquil, and calm, pass'd the seasons away,
No sorrows molest them the while:
'Mongst his flocks on the mountain till ev'ning he'd stray,
But forgot the fatigues and the cares of the day
When she welcom'd him home with a smile.

But permanent pleasures how hard to obtain!—
Tho' flatt'ring the prospect may seem:
From Experience's cup this sad knowledge we drain—
That all earthly delights are as fleeting and vain
As the bubble that floats on the stream!

Dread Winter now reign'd, and the prospect around,
Was desolate, wild, and forlorn;
By the keen-biting frost the dull rivulets, bound,
Were silent; the snow deeply cover'd the ground
And fringed the widowed thorn.

The warblers no longer, the thickets among,
Pour their wild notes with emulous pride;
But, drooping and dull, round the cottage they throng
To share the choice grain, the reward of their song,
Which the pity of Jessy supply'd.

On the mountains the flocks thinly scatter'd were seen
Dimly seen from the valley below;
Thro' cold and thro' hunger dejected, and lean,
With wearisome toil a hard pittance they glean
From the furze, which scarce peep'd thro' the snow

One morning, as soon as the first streaks of day
Were seen o'er the cliffs to ascend,
To gather his flocks hasted Elwyn away
O'er the wide-stretch'd heath; at his side honest Tray,
His faithful companion and friend.

Around him the clouds of night's murkest hue,
Low'ring deep, on the precipice hung:
Tho' the gathering tempest with violence blew,
And the prospect was dreary and frightful to view,
He eagerly journey'd along.

With heart unappall'd o'er the desolate scene
All day did he anxiously roam:
But soon his misfortunes, his hardships begin,
For, lo! the dark shades of the evening set in,
And find him far distant from home.

Now, rouz'd, he first found that his footsteps had err'd
To wilds unfrequented before:
He gaz'd,---but no gleam from the hamlets appear'd;
He listen'd---no sound from the watch dog was heard;
And the gloom still increased the more.

Round cliffs, thus bewilder'd and weary'd, he past
Of Magic's most fabulous form:
The sharp-driving hailstones embitter'd the blast,
Th' impetuous north-wind howl'd aloud o'er the waste,
And horror lay furl'd in the storm.

But cold and fatigue soon, as onward he trod,
Invades the last fortress of life:
Exhausted, he totters---he sinks on the clod!---
Now murmuring faintly the name of his God;
And now those of his children and wife.

Poor Jessy, the while, cull'd the choice of her store
For him, and the cottage shone bright;
And oft did she anxiously step to the door,
And with fearful dismay the wide district explore---
But, Elwyn appear'd not in sight!

With infantine sports, by her side, on the floor,
Her children unconsciously play;
And oft she gaz'd on them with eyes streaming o'er,
Then listen'd appall'd to the tempest's loud roar,
And terror succeeded dismay!

Slow, and solemn, three hours of uncertainty sped,
And brought no relief to her woes;
Despairing, at length she retires to her bed,
Where her children, now lock'd in sweet slumbers,
were laid;
But sorrow deny'd her repose.

Ere the first streaks of morning had purpl'd the sky,
With wild terror she hastes o'er the plain,
Calls the shepherds with many a heart-rending sigh!---
They feel her distress---with her wishes comply,
And set forward in search of her swain.

Many hours on the bleak, barren desert they stray;
But ere evening the district they find
Where stretch'd on the ground, stiff and breathless,
he lay;
Half cover'd with snow and the head of poor Tray,
On his master's cold bosom reclin'd.

Returning---no sooner the hamlets they view,
Then round them the villagers throng;
Soon Jessy beheld them---her Elwyn she knew,
And, to meet them, with desperate frenzy she flew,
As they silently bore him along.

Soon she reach'd the sad group, and, with eyes straining wide,
Survey'd the dead body all o'er:
Her voice, choak'd with anguish, no accent supply'd---
She panted---she stagger'd---she fell by his side---
And her pulse stopp'd---to flutter no more!!

No monument, glowing with Sculpture's rich grace,
Proclaims the sad tale of their woes;
But the yew trees' dark branches, o'erhanging the space
With their deep solemn shade, serve to point out the place
Where Truth, Love, and Virtue repose.

Ere the bell tolls to pray'rs, gather'd round from the plains,
Each Sunday the shepherds are seen;
And there mournfully silent, droop o 'er the remains,
Of Elwyn, so lately the happiest of swains
And Jessy the pride of the green.

SONNET TO MEMORY.

SOURCE of pleasure, source of pain,
Thoughtful treasure, mental train;
From past bliss for ever flow,
And in the mind for ever glow.

But o'er each scene of sorrow vain,
The gloomy pictures of the brain;
O'er melancholy shades of woe,
Let oblivion her mantle throw.

Thus onward as I bend my course,
Devoid of fear, without remorse,
Still may'st thou view preceding times:
And tracing late life's devious track,
With conscious rectitude look back,
At follies sigh, but not at crimes.

M.

EVENING.

THE sun was sinking in the western sky,
And ting'd with red the heavenly dome;
Nature fatigu'd, seem'd gently to repose,
And hide her beauties in the shades of night.
Silence, the queen of solitude, now reigns,
Save where the nightingale resounds her lay,
And fills the air with its melodious strains.
Or through the silecne listening, I hear
The gentle bleatings of a distant flock.
Phœbus now sunk beneath the distant hill;
The silver moon resumes her milder reign,
Whilst glitt'ring stars and shining planets rise
To enrich the firmament of heaven.

SONNET TO LOVE.

FROM scenes where noise and folly still preside,
Come, soft-ey'd love, and lead me to thy bow'r,
Where gentle streams in peaceful murmurs guide,
And dreams of bliss employ the passing hour.

Yes, dearest maid! thy all-subduing form
Can gild with bliss, ideal scenes below;
Can check the horrors of the driving storm,
And fling a transitory gleam on woe.

The frowns of fortune and the loss of friends,
Prove thee the surest antidote for care;
Before thy beams misfortune's brow unbends,
And hope, time's prospect, paints with colours fair.

The goddess chaste descends, immortal and divine,
And round my glowing brows my genial bays entwine.

CIVIS.

CONVICTION.

AT length the inchantment is broke,
And love has exhausted his fumes;
Reflection revolts at thy yoke,
And reason her empire resumes.

She knew my professions were true,
My passion she saw was sincere;
Yet damp'd with a poisonous dew,
The flame that she feign'd to revere.

I never could cherish the thought,
That Delia was form'd to deceive;
Or seeming simplicity fraught
With arts, I'm compell'd to believe.

If beauty has heighten'd disdain,
Remember, its durance is frail;
Disease with her viperous train,
Or age will its blossoms assail.

If wealth be thy ultimate aim,
Then barter the joys of the mind;
Yet know what its victims proclaim,—
There loiters a scorpion behind.

HENRY AND ELIZA.

O'ER the wide heath now noon-tide horrors hung,
And night's dark pencil dimm'd the tints of spring
The boding minstrel now harmonious sung,
And the bat spread his dark, nocturnal wing.

At that still hour, pale Cynthia oft had seen
The fair Eliza, (Joyous once and gay,)
With pensive step, and melancholy mein,
O'er the broad plain in love-born anguish stray.

Long had her heart with Henry's been entwin'd,
And love's soft voice had wak'd the sacred blaze
Of Hymen's altar; while, with him combin'd.
His cherub train prepar'd the torch to raise:

When, lo! his standard raging war uprear'd,
And honour call'd her Henry from her charms,
He fought, but ah! torn, mangled, blood-besmear'd
Fell, nobly fell, amid his conquering arms!

In her sad bosom, a tumultuous world
Of hopes and fears on his dear memory spread;
For fate had not the clouded roll unfurl'd,
Nor yet with baleful hemlock crown'd her head.

Reflection, oft to sad remembrance brought
This well-known spot, where they so oft had stray'd
While fond affection ten-fold ardour caught,
And smiling innocence around them play'd.

But these were past! and now the distant bell
(For deep and pensive th ought had held her there)

Toll'd midnight out, with long resounding knell,
While dismal echoes q.iver'd in the air.

Again 'twas silence --when from out the gloom,
She saw, with awe-struck eye a phantom glide:
Twas Henry's form! --what pencil shall presume
To paint her horror!——HENRY AS HE DIED!

Enervate, long she stood---a sculptur'd dread,
Till waking sense dissolv'd amazement's chain;
Then home, with timid haste, distracted fled,
And sunk in dreadful agony of pain.

Not the deep sigh, which madden'd Sappho gave,
When from Leucate's craggy height she sprung,
Could equal that which gave her to the grave,
The last sad sound that echoed from her tongue!

T. G***.

TO A ROBIN.

SINGING AT THE WINDOW.

SWEET herald of autumnal tide,
Of lovelier hue and happier fame!
Whose gentle deeds even purple pride
And poverty alike proclaim.

Next to a Plaintive Philomel,
Whose thrilling n>tes subdues the soul;
Enwrapt in thy melodious spell,
Affection courts thy mild controul.

But more than Philomel, to thee,
Harmonious bird! our thanks we owe:
She quits with summer's fading tree,
While thou sustain'st the winter's snow.

And then—when silence dark and drear,
Pervades the songsters of the spring;
And o'er the embers of the year,
Impetuous storms their torrents fling;

From rising morn, to setting eve,
'Tis thine to cheer the traveller's way;
The lingering pace of time deceive,
And sooth him with thy constant lay.

Thanks, little Red-breast, for the strains
That now salute my listening ear;
Though doom'd to tell of "pelting rains,"
And bitter seasons drawing near.

Oh! when the tempest shall descend,
And when the northern winds shall blight,
Know that in me thou hast a friend,
And to this cottage bend thy flight;

Here no rude form thy eye shall meet,
To chase thee from thy peaceful rest;
But at our table thou shalt eat,
And languish on NYATILLA's breast!

P. COURTIER.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO AN INFANT ASLEEP.

SLEEP sweetly on, thou gentle child,
From guile thy little dreams are free;
I love to view that face so mild,
And look with envy down on thee.

The smile that plays upon thy cheek,
With pleasure and delight I trace;
So pure, so innocent, so meek,
It well might deck an angel's face!

Whilst on thy cherub form I gaze,
And pensive watch thy cradle near;
I think upon my infant days,
And drop a sad, a silent tear.

For then unvext by pain or strife,
Sweet were my hours of balmy sleep;
I dreamt not on the ills of life.
And felt not I was born to weep.

How swift, alas! those moments fly,
Just like the meteor's dazzling ray;
Which gleams a moment mid the sky,
And then in darkness fades away.

But, lovely babe, thy sleep enjoy,
I would not break thy calm repose;
Thy dream of bliss I'd not destroy,
Nor plant a thorn where blooms the rose!

And tho' the golden Vision fade,
And thou the ills of life should'st share;
May guilt thy bosom ne'er invade,
But virtue hold her dwelling there.

SOPHIA.

Foreign News.

Extract of a letter from Col. Anstruther to Col. Brownrigg, dated Camp, near Alexandria, 16th March, 1801.

The fleet sailed from Marmaxie on the 22d February, and anchored in Aboukir bay on the 2d March. From that day to the 7th the weather was so boisterous, and the swell so great, that it was impracticable to disembark. This circumstance gave the enemy full leisure to collect troops and artillery, and to make every necessary preparation to oppose us. The whole infantry of the garrison of Alexandria, three hundred cavalry, and fourteen or fifteen pieces of cannon, were placed on a space of little more than two miles, from near the castle of Aboukir to the narrow isthmus which forms the boundary of the Lake. Such was the situation in which we found things, on the morning of the 8th, when the descent was made. Nothing, I believe, ever exceeded the boldness and perseverance with which the boats continued to approach the shore, under a shower of bullets, shells and grape. Every discharge was answered by a shout from the seamen, and all seemed totally insensible of danger. The reserve on the right formed as if on the parade, and in a moment carried a height nearly equal to, and very like to that of Camperdown. The left were charged by the cavalry the moment they got out of the boats. However they drove every thing before them; and in three quarters of an hour, the enemy was completely beaten, with the loss of half of his artillery. After a halt of two or three hours, in order to disembark ammunition, and a part of General Coote's brigade, which had not been landed, the army advanced about four miles, where we remained till the 12th; The landing of provisions and stores being much impeded by the boisterous weather.

On the 12th, we again marched about 5 miles, constantly skirmishing with the advanced guard of the enemy, who had received a reinforcement of two half brigades of infantry, and one regiment of cavalry, from Cairo. We

halted for the night, about three miles from the enemy's position, which seemed and proved very advantageous.

Next morning the army moved to attack the right of it, marching by lines from the left; the reserve covering the movement, and moving parallel with the first fire. As the columns advanced into the plain the enemy attacked the heads of both, with all his cavalry, supported by a considerable body of infantry, and ten or twelve pieces of cannon. This attack was repulsed by the advanced guard (the 90th and 92d,) both of which behaved most nobly. The first line then formed two links to the front of march, the flanks of which were protected by the reserve, and continued to advance in that manner, whilst the second line continuing still in column (excepting the first brigade of it) turned the enemy's right, and forced him to quit his position. The army followed in the order above stated, and Sir Ralph had given orders for renewing the attack on the heights close to the town, to which the enemy retreated; but on examining them with attention, it was thought that they were under the guns of the forts, and could not probably be kept if carried; the army took up in the evening the ground which the enemy had quitted.

The force of the enemy opposed to us appeared about 5000 infantry, 600 cavalry, and a large proportion of artillery; the ground being particularly favourable to the two last. The movements, although under a constant cannonade, were regular and accurate: the general, in this last action had his horse shot under him.

The position we occupy is good: it cuts off the communication between Alexandria and the Nile, excepting through the desert:—our supplies are conveyed by means of the Lake, with ease and security.

Particulars of the unnatural Death of the Emperor Paul.

ALTONA, *April* 21.——A few days before his death, Paul I. sent to his senate two Ukases, desiring them to pass and insert them in the code of laws. The object of those decrees was, to banish the now Empress Dowager and her children to Siberia, with the exception of the Grand Duke Constantine Paulowich, the Emperor's favorite. Decrees

so barbarous and unnatural, revolted the feelings of the Senate to such a degree, that it was resolved unanimously o declare the Emperor *non compos mentis*—to compel him to abdicate the Throne, and to keep him in safe custody in some fortress for the remainder of his life. At the same time it was agreed upon to proclaim his eldest son ALEXANDER I. as his Successor, making him sign previously the Ukases which since appeared, and exacting a promise that he should govern the empire according to the spirit of the laws enacted by his grandmother, CATHARINE the Great.

PAUL appeared as usual in the Senate, in expectation of finding the ratification of his mandates; but instead of that, the act of abdication was proposed to him for his signature. Inflamed with rage, he loaded the Senate with execrations, was going to attack some of the members with savage ferocity, when he was forcibly restrained and suffocated in the scuffle. Some reports say, that one of the Senators, during the struggle, came behind, and strangled him with a cord.

ALEXANDER, the new Emperor, was immediately called and acquainted with the cause of his father's death, and his cruel decrees against himself, mother and family. After some hesitation, Alexander signed the instruments and writings laid before him, and was proclaimed Emperor of all the Russias.

American Intelligence.

SHOCKING MURDER!

Philadelphia, June 25.—A correspondent informs, [says the Huntington Gazette of June 17th] of the following horrid murder, committed on the body of Mr. John Clark, at the foot of Chesnut Ridge, viz.

" Mr. John Clark of Northumberland county, was removing his family to Presque'isle, and passed Alleghany mountain by the route of Leula, to the foot of Chesnut Ridge, being there on Saturday evening, 30th ult. he put

his family in a waste cabin to remain there till Monday morning following—but unfortunately for Mr. Clark, he had been joined a few miles east of Frankstown, by a young man, who alledged, that he was going to some part of the Western country and being alone he proposed to travel in company with the family and would assist in driving the waggon and render other services that would be required. His proposals were cheerfully accepted by Mr. Clark, and he was supplied with every necessary as he lived with them.

On Monday morning, before they loaded the waggon to proceed on their journey, the young man took Mr. Clark's rifle to hunt for game. He went some distance from the cabin (but within hearing) and fired off the rifle, and immediately ran in with the news that he had shot a deer, and requested Mr. Clark to take one of the horses to bring in the carcase, while Mr. Clark got a valuable mare and mounted, he loaded the rifle to be ready in case another opportunity should offer, they sat out together, Mr. Clark riding and he walking; after some time Mrs. Clark and her children heard another shot, and concluded they had met with another deer, but shocking to relate, the ball entered the back part of Mr. Clark's head and came out through his forehead, and he fell a victim to the ungrateful miscreant whom they had for several days fed and treated with kindness.

The unsuspecting woman with her children remained in their desolate situation several days, waiting the return of her husband without being able to make search in the wilderness, being fearful of going out of sight of the smoke of the cabin, least she should not find the way back. After a few days she was visited by a travelling person, who informed her that he saw a stranger on the east side of Alleghany mountain in search of a stray horse, this information in some degree cherished her fears, but she related the circumstance of her husband's going into the woods with a stranger, and she heard a gun fired, but had not seen either of them since, they being then near one week gone.

As this person was then passing into the next settlement, he gave the alarm, and several persons went to the assistance of Mrs. Clark. On Monday the 8th inst. they found the

body of Mr. Clark, shot in the manner above mentioned, but could not remove the corpse.

It is supposed the villain rode off the mare as she cannot be found, and stripped Mr. Clark of a silver watch and twenty dollars, which he had in his pocket when he left his family.

The person suspected of having committed this horrid deed, is a young man about 19 or 20 years of age, about 5 feet 8 inches high, slender made, thin visage, swarthy complexion, brown hair, of considerable length and tied. He called himself Thomas Morgan, said he came from Connecticut, his pronunciation and accent were similar to those of the illiterate men from that state."

Domestic Occurrences.

At a Court of general Sessions of the peace, holden in and for the city of New-York, at the City-Hall of the said city, before the judges of the same Court, on Tuesday the second day of June, 1801, the following persons were tried, convicted, and received the sentences affixed to their respective names:—

For Grand Larceny.—Garret Fitzgerald and Daniel O'Haro, 5 years each at hard labor in the State Prison; Thomas Jackson, 4 years do; Thomas Bennett, alias Thomas Jackson, 3 years do. to commence on the 9th June, 1805; Richard Perry, and Louisa, (a black) 3 years do; Tom Peters, 3 years do. and his master to receive a certificate of transportation.

Petit Larceny.—Judah Gridley, Mary Corrin, Edward Low, William Anderson, George Dougherty, and Joseph Watson, 2 years each at hard labour in the State Prison; Spencer Godfrey, three months at hard labor in the Bridewell; and James Flinn, being recommended by the Jury, was fined 25 dollars, and discharged.

At a Court of Oyer and Terminer and Goal Delivery, holden at the Court House in Queen's County, on Wednesday the 17th inst. Walter Dunlevy, who, on the 2d. December last, at Hempstead, in a scuffle with Benjamin Fish, in which the latter lost his life, was convicted on an indictment for man-slaughter. Upon the hearing of witnesses, and viewing the circumstances of the case, the sentence awarded by the Court was fourteen years solitary confinement in the State Prison.

DUEL,

Trenton, June 23.—On Saturday last a duel was fought on the Penn shore, nearly opposite Trenton, by Mr. David Jones, and Mr. Washington Morton, both of New-York, when the former of these was shot through the lower part of his body—Surgical aid was immediately procured, and it is hoped, Mr. Jones will soon recover.

ANOTHER!

Washington, June 20*th*—On Friday evening a duel was fought here between two of the Natives of Africa, of sable hue and of high pretensions to honor. The battle commenced about eight o'clock. *Dinah* was armed with a cow-skin, while *Cloe* had nothing but the simple weapons of nature, length of nails, and hardness of knuckles. Jupiter sent Mercury Tom to hold a flambeau while the Gods, as usual in such engagements, were ranged a part on one side, and a part on the other. Victory now sat perched on the cow-skin, and now on the knuckle, ready, like many a good patriot, to declare for the conquering party. At one time Dinah bit the dust, at another Cloe hugged the earth. The sanguinary rills began to flow copiously from lacerated cheeks and disfigured noses. The cow-skin breaks and is useless. The battle becomes wholly puginacular; while thump succeeds to thump, and heavy blows to heavy blows respond. And now dreadful deeds had ensued and uproar wild, had not a reverend figure advanced to the scene, *deus dignus vindice nodus*, with venerable grey wool and white teeth, whose presence caused an immediate cessation of hostilities, and whose peaceful words awed and silenced the else mortal encounter. "Now Dinah and Cloe," he cried, "an't it a shame for two of the *Fair sex* to be boxing on't so!!"

We understand some *affair of honor* was the unhappy cause of this duel.

21*st*.—The wife of Daniel Camp, of the vicinity of Newark, N. J. committed the horrid act of Suicide, by hanging herself in the garret of her own house. What were the causes which induced her to resolve on this shocking means of putting a period to her existence is unknown; except, as is conjectured, an extreme trouble of mind, which she evinced by a deep melancholy discovered in her countenance for some days previous, together with an attempt to drown herself in which she was timely discovered. She has left a husband and family of small children to deplore the loss of an affectionate wife, and a tender parent, who by her agreeable deportment had gained the good will of all those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. A Jury of inquest was held over the body, whose verdict was suicide.

This morning between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock a fire broke out in a building in the neighbourhood of Corlaer's Hook, occupied by a Mr. Richardson, as a Distillery of Spirits of Turpentine, which was entirely consumed.—

Marriages.

On Thursday the fourth instant, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Pierre Van Cortlandt, jun. Esq. son of Pierre Van Cortlandt, Esq. formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the state of New-York, to Mrs. Catharine Taylor, daughter of George Clinton, Esq. Governor elect of the same state.

On Sunday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Andrew Sitcher, to Miss Catharine Philips, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Stephen Smith, to Miss Eleanor Langdon, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Mr. John Thorburn, Printer, to Miss Eleanor Magher, both of this city.

14th.—By the Rev. Dr. More, Mr. Robert I. Thurston, Merchant, to Miss Abby Bogert, daughter of Cornelius I. Bogert, Esq. all of this city.

18th.—By the Rev. Dr. More, Samuel Governeur, Esq. to Miss Mary Philips, daughter of Capt. F. Philips.

25th.—By the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Thomas Sherwood of Philipsburg, to Miss Hannah Williams, daughter of John Williams, Esq. of that place.

Deaths.

June 2d.—Mrs. Christiana Turner, widow of the late Mr. John Turner, merchant of this city, in the 41st year of her age.

3d.—At Philadelphia, after an indisposition of about three months, in the seventy second year of her age, Mrs. Alice Knorr, consort of Mr. JohnKnorr, now of this city—formerly of Germantown.

9th.—At Philadelphia, Mr Robert Rainey, late at the house of Holmes & Rainey.

At New-Hurly, in the county of Ulster, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Lucretia Miller, wife of Ananias Miller, aged 60 years.

13th.—At Lancaster, (Penn.) in the 49th year of his age, John Wilkes Kittera, Esq.

In the 73d year of her age, Mrs. Catharine Rutherfurd, wife of Walter Rutherfurd, Esq. of this city.

15th.—John Smith, Esq. late Lieut. Col. Com. of the 1st Legion, in the service of the United States.

At Westminster, in the state of Vermont, Lieut. William Laidlie, (only son of the late Rev. Archibald Laidlie, of the city of New-York) of the 2d regiment U. S. Infantry, in the 28th year of his age.

17th.—At the Narrows, Mrs. Ann Jappie.

END OF VOL. I.